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Literature

Ibsen's "Doll Wife"*

ONE OF THE difficulties of modern bibliography is the varied and fluctuating character of the titles of books translated from foreign languages. Ibsen's now celebrated play rejoices in a number of these incertitudes: 'Nora', 'A Model Home', 'A Doll's Home', and now 'The Doll's House' (most inaccurate of all) are the various designations under which it has been presented to English and American readers. Mr. Archer selects the first; Mr. R. B. Anderson (in his admirable translation of Brandes's 'Eminent Authors of the Nineteenth Century') selects the second; Mr. Edmund Gosse ('Studies in Northern Literature') the third; and the present translator the fourth. Of these Mr. Anderson's alone reproduces the satiric meaning veiled in 'Et Dukkehjem.' Miss Lord unhappily adds to the confusion by putting on her title-page, 'Translated from the Norwegian.' This is just as if some 'supple Gaul' had said of some translation of Bret Harte into French, 'Translated from the American.' Ibsen's play is written in the purest literary Danish; there is no literary Norwegian *per se*. The folk-tales of contemporary Norway abound in dialect-words, as any reader of Björnson or of Moe and Asbjörnson in the original may see; but to say that such a dialect has developed so far as to become a high literary vehicle is an affirmation without foundation. And then to superadd the meaningless 'The Doll's House' as a rendering of the original title is a *cave canem* sufficient to scare away the most determined Ibsenite.

Apart from this, Miss Lord's translation is very agreeable reading. The introduction is rather confused, but the confusion is not hers: it is due to one 'Robinson,' from whom she condenses much foolish talk about Ibsen and his women. In our opinion, Ibsen is a much overrated man: he is a satirist who for thirty years has lived on the Sardinian herb until his face has become distorted into a sardonic grin at society, at 'men, women and ministers,' at Emperor and Galilean alike; and now at the modern Bluebeards who won't emancipate women. What he says on all these topics—the folly, the sin, the flippancy, the hypocrisy—has been said a thousand times before, and better said. 'The Doll Wife' is undeniably powerful: it has genius, pathos, tragic situation; but to say of it, as Brandes says, that it surpasses in *technique* the finest French plays, is simply to expose the fact that one Scandinavian greatly admires another, and is supremely delighted at the skill he displays in hitting off contemporary foibles. For Ibsen is extremely skilful. In his great satiric trilogy, 'Brand,' 'Love's Comedy,' and 'Peer Gynt,' as well as in 'The Pretenders,' 'The Pillars of Society' and 'Ghosts,' he swoops eagle-like on the fish that float in the social current,—the selfishness of the priesthood, the sentimentalities of boarding-house flirtations, the marriage-question, and the like,—and snatches them to the skies, where they dangle for universal merriment and scorn. He sits apart and watches for 'fun',—not a very noble at-

titude, though his object may be reformatory. Norwegian society must be exceedingly naïve if works like these can shake it to its foundations, and a play like 'The Doll Wife' excite such a tempest that people for a long time (in Stockholm even) had to put on their invitation cards, 'Ibsen's "Et Dukkehjem" must not be mentioned'!

And what is 'The Doll Wife'? Simply a satire aimed at men who treat their wives like dolls. Is this *motif* so wonderfully new? 'Nora' is a Norwegian doll—so doll-babyish that, though she has lived with Helmer eight years and has borne him three children, she does not know it is a crime to forge her father's signature for his (Helmer's) sake. To Helmer she is a 'little lark,' 'squirrel,' 'chick,' 'sugar-plum-kin,' through all the nauseous gamut of baby-talk; and yet she has not sense enough to abstain from a crime. When she is found out, the crash comes: Helmer turns on her like a scorpion,—instead of going to work to teach her the Ten Commandments,—and reproaches her with her rottenness. He is a doll no less than she: a manikin of Liliputian perceptions who sees and hears his wife lying to him every hour in the day, and yet thinks she is an 'angel.' Nora, unable to bear his reproaches, finally awakens, like a Sleeping Princess, whose moral perceptions have been slumbering for a hundred years, and—then there is a scene, powerful indeed, but indescribably painful, as the entire play is. In this scene she turns to a pillar of salt—or fire,—and stings in her turn as salt and fire can sting when rubbed into a bleeding wound. Finding that her husband has no conception of real love—for she had forged her father's name for his sake,—she leaves him, her house, her children: the doll has transformed herself into a tigress from whose eyes flash ungentle fires. This is the gist of the story—a story hinting at the emancipation of women, who in Norway must be at least a thousand years behind the times.

Ibsen is an artist,—vigorous, biting, accomplished; he is a clever misanthrope, a sharp-tongued pessimist, a writer of beautiful prose and melodious verse; but he is not an Aristophanes or a Molière, a Holberg or a Lessing. His topics recall Goldsmith and Sheridan; and the *claque* that would put him above these, on a level with the world's great masters, is—simply a *claque*.

Paul de Remusat's "Thiers"*

M. PAUL DE RÉMUSAT'S 'Thiers' is the latest of the Great French Writers, a series embracing monographs upon Montesquieu, Mme. de Sévigné, Victor Cousin, George Sand and Turgot, and translated very faithfully into excellent English by Prof. M. B. Anderson. The monograph is brilliantly written, but is rather in the nature of a eulogy than a cool, dispassionate estimate of its subject. M. de Remusat has written of his hero with vividness and affection, but has surrounded him with so much of false coloring that a word of caution seems necessary. This word may be bestowed upon the acceptance of his view of Thiers as a statesman or a man-of-letters, for he fails to give the reader an unprejudiced account of him in either *rôle*. He has virtually closed his eyes to those lapses from sincerity which are generally believed to characterize him as a historian; nor has he dwelt with frankness upon the erratic methods which distinguished his public life up to the declaration of war against Germany in 1870. In the words of Mr. Saintsbury: 'Thiers has not only the fault of diffuseness, which is common to so many of the best known histories of this century, but others as serious or more so. The charge of dishonesty is one never to be lightly made against men of such distinction as his, especially when their evident confidence in their own infallibility, their faculty of ingenious casuistry, and the strength of will which makes them (unconsciously no doubt) close and keep closed the eyes of their mind to all inconvenient facts and inferences, supply a more charitable explanation. But it is certain that from Thiers's dealings with

* The Doll's House: A Play. By Henrik Ibsen. Tr. from the Norwegian (?) by Henrietta Frances Lord. 50 cts. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

* Thiers. By Paul de Remusat. 8s. (Great French Writers). Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

the men of the first Revolution to his dealings with the battle of Waterloo, constant, angry and well-supported protests against his unfairness were not lacking. . . . Sainte-Beuve, whose notices of Thiers are generally kindly, says of him, "M. Thiers sait tout, tranche tout, parle de tout"; and this omniscience and "cocksureness" (to use the word of a Prime Minister of England contemporary with this Prime Minister of France) are perhaps the chief pervading features both of the statesman and the man-of-letters.

The closing scenes of Thiers's career are and will continue to be his imperishable monument, and M. de Rémusat has eloquently described that real affection for the 'little bourgeois' as the true liberator of France which was expressed so tenderly by the Assembly of 1877, and at the time of his death by the whole population of Paris.

"Among Cannibals"*

IN THE SCRIBNERS' long and creditable list of publications, there are not a few which treat of anthropology. Many of these books are from the pens of cloistered scholars. These are full of speculation as well as reflection, and often smell powerfully of the lamp. As if it were necessary to counteract too much scholasticism and theoretic anthropology, this enterprising firm regularly administer to the public doses of the same medicine made freshly and from the raw material. Cheek by jowl on their lengthening lists, the journals of the men who handle the rifle and scour the jungle appear with those whose life-work is with the pen and in libraries. To this firm we are indebted for many of our best prose epics of the heroes of civilization among savage men and nature.

This time we turn to the sixth continent—Australia. We find as frontispiece the picture of a superbly-built Scandinavian. He is burned to swarthinness on arms, face and neck. He is dressed in helmet, shirt, trousers and boots. He is equipped lightly with firearms and waterproof cartridges. His companion is a beautiful dog. He stands on a heath, full of kangaroo tracks, and the mountains rise in the background. This is Carl Lumholtz, member of the Royal Society of Sciences of Norway. He went out in 1880 for scientific research on behalf of the University of Christiania, Sweden. He spent four years on the great island continent, and now tells, in an admirable way, the story of his travels, and of camp-life with the aborigines of Queensland. Our ex-Minister to Denmark, Rasmus B. Anderson, a master of many tongues, has translated the brilliant and stirring narrative into English, and the result is a most enjoyable story, piquant, fresh, and full of novelties.

Out of abundant riches it is hard to select the tidbits which can be only pointed out in a brief review. Two excellent maps (at the end, where they can be comfortably used) show the author's travels marked out in red lines. Landing on the East coast, Mr. Lumholtz's explorations and journeys were mostly between the twenty-second and twenty-fifth parallels of south latitude. In company with the blacks, he made a most thorough examination of the Herbert River country which lies on both sides of the eighteenth parallel. This exploiting gave him a knowledge of the aboriginal Australian savage such as few living men possess. Utterly destitute of ideas of religion, morality or progress, the 'black fellow' is a cannibal, and the tastes which he delights to cultivate are those of an anthropophagus. Strange as it may appear to the proud Caucasian, the white man's carcass is not enjoyed, as it causes nausea in the dainty stomach of the cannibal. One reason is that flesh grown under a white cuticle is too salty. On the contrary, the Chinaman is highly relished, as his food is mainly vegetable. Ten Celestials were eaten at a single dinner during the author's sojourn in the island. The progress of British civilization on the Australian continent has been like that of the Americans from the Atlantic to the Pacific. After reading the accounts of how

so many of the blacks became food for English powder, we are not prepared to blush in the presence of Australians. The black man once 'civilized' learns the use of iron, and in some instances has been known to cut down the telegraph poles and cut up the wires to get material for fish hooks and spear points. The black man of Australia seems to be as surely doomed to extinction as was his fellow in Tasmania. In a country where courts do not accept his testimony, and juries will not convict a white murderer, his chances for survival are few.

Of the author's thrilling adventures as a hunter, of the many encounters with 'old man' kangaroos and other animals, killed either for sport, science or commerce, of his notes on curious animals having two or four legs and of the stores of science, learning, history and reflection set forth in his appendices, we have not space to tell. The book is well illustrated, some of the pictures being full page plates, and four being in color. A well-made index completes the equipment of this first-class story of adventure. It is certainly one of the best books on primitive man that has been written during this decade, and we commend it heartily to the doctors of theology, science and philosophy, as well as those who enjoy an absorbing story of out-door life.

The Yankee at King Arthur's Court*

HOW FAR is it permitted a modern iconoclast to go in demolishing idols, mutilating the Hermæ, knocking off the noses of the gods, and desecrating the sanctuary? Alcibiades and his gang tried it ages ago at Athens. Cervantes kindled wondrous laughter—inextinguishable to this day—over the inanities of chivalry. Ariosto smote Bombast under the fifth rib. Reineke Fuchs set all the Netherlands agog at the slyness of its satire. Even Homer the other day came out in Punchinello costume, and Offenbach set the myth of Helen to delicious derisive music. A parody on the Book of Job or the Apocalypse is next in order. Such seems the natural sequence: after the sweet, the acid; after tragedy, a farce; after Arthur—Mark Twain! There—it is out! We do not at all approve of Mark's performance: it is very naughty indeed: but—and that is all he and his publishers want—we cannot help laughing at it. A more grotesque knot of chapters and illustrations on the foolishness and fooleries of knight-errantry has never been bound between two covers. Arthur, Merlin, Guinevere, Sir Launcelot—all the Round Table kith and kin,—are here gathered in goodly fellowship, made infinite fun of, put through their paces in a series of delicious adventures, and made to succumb before the victorious 'smartness' of the nineteenth-century science, of a Connecticut Yankee. Could anything be more unparalleled? The whole Table Round scattered by a dynamite bomb,—Sir Galahad performing on the 'funnygraph'—Vivien taking a dose of Simmons's Liver Regulator, and Guinevere typewriting to lovelorn Launcelot! Such is the character of the book,—not that precisely these 'phenomena' crop out in Avilon, but others quite similar and much funnier set the whole world snickering over Malory's immortal stories and the legends that Wace wept over. The more's the pity. 'Ring out the old, ring in the new': people must laugh. Now it is in order to see whether this acid will eat through the Arthur romances and cause them to drop to pieces, or whether, like gold, they will not be corroded by it.

Notes on Cambridge University†

THIS ATTRACTIVE BOOK is without preface, introduction or index. We have read it from title-page to *finis* (not omitting the advertisements), and have been highly entertained. For who would not be interested in the halls and walls, the haunts and walks where so many who afterwards became famous had roamed and dreamed and studied?

* A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. By Samuel L. Clemens ('Mark Twain'). \$3. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

† Cambridge: Brief Historical and Picturesque Notes. By J. W. Clark, M.A. \$2. New York: Macmillan & Co.

* Among Cannibals. By Carl Lumholtz. \$5. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Spenser, the 'poets' poet,' Jonson, Bacon, Milton, Dryden, Gray, Wordsworth, Byron, Macaulay, Newton, Tennyson and Thackeray are a few of the many names associated with the historic places described in the book. There are twelve chapters which deal with the histories of the important colleges of the University, the growth of the libraries, and with the social life at Cambridge. The author has shown great care in his researches, and a wise discrimination in the selection of his materials. The book is rich in anecdotes, character-sketches, and incidents. The origin of the University is not well defined, yet the history of the founding and growth of the various colleges is of special interest, because the beginnings of so many of them mark epochs. The Reformation gave a great impetus to the advancement of free religious thought and literary development. Henry VIII. desiring to 'mark the age of that Reformation, to which he himself had so largely contributed,' founded Trinity College 'to the glory of God and advantage of the realm, for the promotion of science, philosophy, liberal arts, and theology.' The roll of the names of men who studied at Trinity and afterwards became famous in theology, science, literature, and statesmanship is one 'such as no other college in either University can put forward.' The two chapters which treat of Trinity are of special interest, for its history is largely that of the University. It was at Trinity that Bacon found such servile and fruitless worship of ancient philosophy. It was at Christ's College that the 'Hymn on the Nativity' was written. It is difficult to select chapters of special interest when the whole book is so valuable. To the Alumni and others familiar with Cambridge, these pages must bring particular delight. There are thirty-four full-page cuts, mostly from drawings and etchings by H. Toussaint and A. Brunet Debaines, showing the principal buildings, the gateways, interior views, etc. A map giving the plan of the town would greatly enhance the book's usefulness and interest to the American reader.

"Three Dramas of Euripides"*

IN 'THREE DRAMAS OF EURIPIDES,' Mr. Lawton, whose essays on subjects connected with Greek literature and art are familiar to readers of *The Atlantic*, gives a metrical translation of the 'Alcestis,' the 'Medea,' and the 'Hippolytus.' This is interspersed with explanatory passages of prose, which keep the threads of the plays before the mind and will no doubt be helpful to readers having no previous acquaintance with the Greek drama. The introductory essay, on the origin and spirit of Attic tragedy, offers a few good suggestions, but as a whole is lacking both in critical insight and in literary perspective. More than three of the twenty pages are devoted to a translation of the Homeric hymn to Dionysus, which has no organic relation to the theme in hand and seems to have been introduced after the manner of a 'purple patch.' The translation of this, although metrical, in point of rhythm and power is inferior to the prose rendering by Andrew Lang in *The Magazine of Art* for August, 1886. A looseness of expression is at times noticeable in the prose, as in the first sentence on page 21: 'The Alkestis, the Medea, and the Hippolytos are the three earliest dramas which have been preserved, though even they are by no means essays from a 'prentice hand.' As there is no statement immediately preceding to show that the dramas of Euripides are referred to, the unsuspecting reader might be led to believe that the plays mentioned are the earliest now in existence. The book is marred throughout by a puzzling inconsistency in the spelling of Greek names. In a work of pure literature there seems to be no necessity for setting aside the common Anglicised spellings of Greek names, as Alcestis, in favor of the original form. But if a writer chooses to transfer the Greek forms, although he may be open to the charge of pedantry, there is less ground for complaint if, as in the case of Browning,

he is consistent in adhering to his own principle. Here, however, we have *Phaidra* side by side with *Aeschylus*, which, for consistency's sake, ought to be *Aiskhulos* (*lykian*) page 32; but *Coryhantes* (for *Koruhantes*) on page 192, *Oedipus* (for *Oidipos*), but *Phrynichos*; and so on. Notwithstanding these shortcomings, the translations show signs of promise which, it is hoped, may be realized in the forthcoming works announced in the preface as in course of preparation.

Minor Notices

'THE HOME OF A NATURALIST,' by the Rev. Biot Edmonston and his sister, Mrs. Jessie M. E. Saxby, announces itself as a 'second edition,' apparently to give fair notice of the fact (which is more fully stated elsewhere) that it is in good part a reprint of articles which have appeared in well-known English periodicals, such as *Chambers's Journal* and *The Leisure Hour*. The authors give us, in a pleasant, gossiping style, varied reminiscences of their early life in the northernmost of the Shetland Islands, the wildest and most romantic portion of the Three Kingdoms. Here, on the hilly and rock-bound isle of Unst, was the abode of their father, Dr. Lawrence Edmonston, the 'naturalist' of the title-page,—opposite to which his portrait, with its strong, rugged features and shrewd but kindly expression, presents a typical picture of a benevolent Viking. The hardy and adventurous Norse character is stamped, more or less, on all the population of this group, and, as might be expected, is particularly notable in the people of this outermost member of the cluster. The abundance of legendary lore and the many peculiar social customs, which have survived from a remote antiquity, afford ample materials for narrative and description to writers so ready with the pen as the authors of these papers. While there is nothing in their contributions very learned or profound, there is enough of story and science to interest readers of every stamp. The 'folk-lore,' in particular, will be an acquisition which the students of that now popular learning will prize. One could have wished that the authors themselves had studied the subject somewhat more deeply, and, besides giving us the mere stories, had made some quest for their origins and connections. This deficiency, however, is not of a nature to be a serious drawback. There is enough of real value and interest in the various sketches to warrant their fresh presentation in this unpretending but by no means unattractive volume. (\$2.50. Scribner & Welford.)

MISS M. E. Burt's 'Literary Landmarks' is one of the most sensible and ingenious books we have read for a long time. Its special object is to be a guide to good reading for young people, and a teachers' assistant as well. In both it succeeds admirably, and we recommend it in warm terms to all who are bewildered by the wealth of books for children and know not how to select among them. Miss Burt has not taught in a Normal School for twenty years in vain. She has, for one thing, acquired a crisp, clear, incisive English style; and, for another, she is contagiously enthusiastic over her business, and kindles while she encourages her readers. In six chapters she gives abundant information about the theories governing children's reading, and excellent advice how to use imaginative and utilitarian books in a child's education. Interspersed with her pages are autobiographic notes from Charles Dudley Warner, George W. Cable, John Burroughs, Amélie Rives, Edmund Clarence Stedman, George William Curtis, Mary Mapes Dodge, Frank Stockton, and many others, giving their lists of favorite children's books and offering advice. A system of extremely ingenious diagrams—chains, crosses, fruits, mountain ranges—accompanies the chapters on 'Works of the Creative Imagination' and 'History and Biography,' and enables a teacher to instruct pupils how to link the landmarks of literary story together. One of the best of lists of children's books, with prices and publishers' names, concludes the book, which is a mine of wholesome information in its way. (75 cts. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

IN 'A RAMBLER'S LEASE' Mr. Bradford Torrey shows himself rather a feeble if graceful imitator of Thoreau, Burroughs and Gilbert White. The book is a reissue of *Atlantic* essays and discusses in leisurely style and with Emersonian reminiscence the aspects of New England winter, meditations among the pines, 'butterfly psychology,' and many pretty bits of what the author calls 'esoteric peripateticism.' Bird's-nesting, Vermont cornfields, woodland phenomena as they appear in Massachusetts, winter aspects of every sort, and old New England roads form the staple of these papers, which are Quakerlike in their soberness and simplicity, and also in their charm. You can hear a pin fall all through these pages, so quiet are they; and yet there is a mellow philosophy mixed up with them that makes them genial reading and carries

* Three Dramas of Euripides. By William Cranston Lawton. \$1.50. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

you on from sheet to sheet. The prosier parts of Wordsworth, where he forgets his rhymes, read like this; and you feel that there is poetry in it despite its rhymelessness. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—IN AND AROUND BERLIN, by M. B. Norton, is a sprightly and on the whole an accurate description of certain phases of life in the German 'Hauptstadt.' Most of it is familiar ground and has been trodden so often that it has become slightly monotonous. We hear again of the museums, of the sights on Unter den Linden, of the palaces of Potsdam, of the thousand and one peculiarities of the German household. But besides these time-worn themes of travellers, the lady who writes the book speaks in an interesting way of the schools, and especially of the philanthropic work which is conducted so quietly and yet so effectively. (\$1.25. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

THE FIFTH VOLUME of the new edition of Washington's writings, covering the period from November 1776 to the end of July 1777, has appeared. It shows, equally with the earlier volumes, the difficulties that beset Washington's course, and the patient and persistent energy with which he surmounted them. His chief difficulty, the want of an efficient army, was not yet removed; for though Congress had voted to raise a permanent force, the new levies came in slowly. Indeed, it would seem that nothing but the inefficiency of Lord Howe prevented the destruction of the American Army; and the letters in the volume show plainly that Washington was apprehensive of such a catastrophe. Besides the backwardness of Congress, the Commander-in-Chief had to contend with the jealousies and bickerings of the inferior military officers, and he declares in one place that it seems to him 'as if all public spirit was sunk into the means of making money by the service, or quarrelling upon the most trivial points of rank' (p. 323). Foreign officers, also, who swarmed about the General's headquarters, were a source of much trouble; their claims being in most cases far beyond their deserts. But through all these troubles Washington was carried safely by his pure disinterestedness, which shines conspicuously in all his letters, and marks him as emphatically the true leader of his countrymen. (\$5. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

IN THE MODERN parable of Pharaoh and Israel, the American people are set forth as the oppressor and the blacks as the sons of Jacob. The condition of things in the Egypt that lies between the Gulf of Mexico and the Great Lakes and between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans—the country of the star-spangled banner,—is pictured with rhetorical skill and power. The dynamics of cyclopædia and statistics are summoned to depict the wealth and potency of Pharaoh and his dreadful oppressions, on the one hand, and the low estate and miseries of the descendants of the slaves, on the other hand. The appeal to Pharaoh is to let the black Israel go. Further, the appeal is that the bills of transportation and commissary during the passage of the Red Sea of the Atlantic, and of settlement and colonization in the Canaan of Africa be paid out of Pharaoh's treasury. Virtually the anonymous author would revive the old schemes of a half-century ago. He would have the Government of the United States become the American Colonization Society. The book is political, rather than literary. Its constant assertion is that the black man in the West Indies and the Negro in the United States are identical in character and destiny. The writer quotes Froude and St. John, in whom he believes, and has either not read or ignores the other side of the case presented in 'Froudacity.' Such onesidedness in so far weakens his case. Whatever one's opinion may be concerning the suggested solution of the terrible problem of a multiplying race against whom the South is socially and politically rearing barriers of demarcation, none can doubt the vigor of the writer nor the fascination of the book. Whether Pharaoh will hear or heed, or whether the black Israel will go or stay, the appeal is one worth reading. ('An Appeal to Pharaoh.' \$1. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.)

THE FOURTH VOLUME of the new edition of 'Chambers's Encyclopædia' contains articles from 'Dionysius of Alexandria' to 'Friction.' Among the articles particularly interesting to Americans, and copyrighted here, are:—'District of Columbia,' with map; 'Emerson,' mainly biographical, by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who says of his subject's prose, that, being a mosaic made up from his journals, there are in it 'occasional misfits which puzzle weary eyes and brains'; and of his poems that they 'are not, and hardly can become, popular'; 'Florida,' with map; and 'Franklin,' by the Hon. John Bigelow. Other important articles embodying recent views, discoveries or inventions are on 'Dynamo-Electric Machines,' historical and explanatory, by Prof. J. A. Ewing, who also writes on 'Light' and 'Railway'; on 'Dyeing,' by Alexander Galletly; 'Dumas,' the younger, 'a brilliant yet dubious combination of African and French,' and the elder, 'foncièrement bon,' as George

Sand said, by Wm. E. Henley; 'Dreaming' by Dr. Alex. Bruce; and 'Dock,' with views and sections, by D. and T. Stevenson. In E. there are articles on the 'Eye'; on 'Evolution,' by Prof. Patrick Geddes; 'Engraving,' with a cross-reference to 'Photogravure'; 'English Literature,' by Prof. Henry Morley, and 'English Language,' by Henry Sweet; 'Embryology,' a fair account of observation and theory down to the present time, with illustrations; by J. Arthur Thompson. 'Electric Railway' and 'Electric Lighting' are short but accurate presentations of what has actually been accomplished in these matters. 'Egypt,' 'Edison,' 'Ear,' 'Education,' are articles notably up to date. In F, besides the articles already mentioned, the following are of importance:—'Free Trade,' by Prof. J. S. Nicholson; 'France,' especially the section on Language and Literature, by F. F. Roget; 'Folk-lore,' by Thomas Davidson; 'Flaubert,' by George Saintsbury; 'Fishes' and 'Fisheries'; 'Fats,' by Dr. Noël Paton; 'Firdausi,' 'Fitzgerald,' 'Ferns,' 'Fairies,' 'Fabliaux' and 'Fable.' (\$3. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

THOSE who are interested in the growth of that greater England which is springing up below the Tropic of Capricorn, will gladly welcome the interesting book which Mr. Edward Wakefield has written. Its title is 'New Zealand After Fifty Years.' It is a story of marvellous advancement in prosperity, for so rapid is the progress of this young country that to picture it in a book is like photographing a horse at full gallop. It is easy to see that the people of old England and of Europe find it hard work to understand properly the colonists and their achievements, as well as their wants and ambitions. Indeed, it is difficult even for us Americans to realize that in a half-century a new dominion has sprung up having a population of 600,000 souls, eighteen hundred miles of railway, with modern public works and enterprises of all sorts, and even the beginnings of a local literature. A half-century ago, New Zealand was given up almost entirely to Maoris, with tattooed faces, eating alternately fern-root flour and human flesh, and murdering each other with stone spears and hatchets, or filling each other with bullets which from the wounded they were unable to extract. Mr. Wakefield describes the volcanoes and earthquakes, fauna and flora, the Maori population, the white people, trade and commerce, business and transit, politics and laws, education and taxation. In a final chapter, he forecasts the future of the colony. A good index and map, first-rate portraits, and a number of fine views of scenery furnish the book for pleasant use. At the end, directions are given for intending colonists and purchasers of land. (\$2. Cassell Publishing Co.)

'HOW TO COOK WIVES' is a daintily printed brochure containing in a few pages much wisdom appropriate to the situation of a newly married man, who has, in the more striking than classic language of the proverb, purchased his 'pig in a poke.' The old married men who read it will laugh in their sleeves at the futility of such an expenditure of witty phrases upon a subject so infinitely varied by individual bias. And as to the bachelors, the few left who can afford in these days to consider taking any kind of a wife will probably be scared out of their wits and good intentions, if only by the following clause of the recipe: 'Order a dressing as rich and handsome as you can afford—Redfern makes some of the best; it is never made quite satisfactorily at home.' Which inclines one to think the author is a woman, if not a wife. (25 cts. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

'FIFTY YEARS of Union Theological Seminary in the City of New York' is the title of a winsome specimen of the printer's art which all the Alumni will hail with pleasure and many others will read. The compiler is the Rev. George Lewis Prentiss, one of the Professors, whose wife (the late accomplished author of 'Stepping Heavenward' and other works in poetry and prose) is known over English Christendom. A full history of this noble theological institution and biographies of its principal instructors make up the bulk of the volume. The book-lover will feast upon the pages devoted to 'The Treasures of the Library.' Of such names as those of Albert Barnes, Samuel H. Cox, Edwin F. Hatfield, Edward Robinson, Henry Boynton Smith, William Adams, and Roswell Dwight Hitchcock, even a hoary university in Europe might be proud; yet their mantles have not fallen upon shoulders too small to wear them. After fifty years of glorious prosperity, it is well to look backward, and raise this *eben-eser*. Dr. Prentiss has done his work with his well-known conscientious accuracy, skill and grace, and last, but not least, has given a good index. One lesson taught by Union Seminary and justly emphasized in this book is the propriety of setting the institutions of sacred learning in great cities, so as to train young men to serve best the people of their own generation and the century in which they live. The day of the rural college and isolated divinity school is probably over in our country.

Certain it is that the faith of the founders of Union has been fully justified, and the prophecies of failure because of urban environment have long since been silenced. (\$2. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

SOME MORE of the mild essays of the 'Country Parson' have been published under the title of 'East-Coast Days: and Memories.' Many of these papers might have been given as sermons, and they all have a very decided clerical flavor. They are not racy or brilliant; but they are pleasant and kindly. A moral tone pervades the whole book, of a gentle and mannerly sort, not robust and bracing; and there is something good-natured and sympathetic about its teachings that attracts if it does not win. An interest in out-door life is apparent, and a kindness towards plain people, and there is much of gossip and anecdote. Too often these essays descend to what is commonplace and unprofitable; but they manifest a wholesome spirit and a true humanity. (\$1.25. Longmans, Green & Co.)

UNDER THE general title of 'Principles and Practice' have been published six small volumes of essays by H. Clay Trumbull, editor of *The Sunday School Times*, in which journal these short articles have appeared. The papers are bright, earnest and thoughtful. They have no great finish or polish, but are practical, vigorous and incisive. They are written with a definite purpose, come directly to the subject in hand, and in a small compass say much that is worth reading. The character of the journal in which they first appeared has in a measure determined their subjects and their quality; but they take a broad range and are not narrow in thought or sectarian in spirit. The six volumes are put up in a box together, their special titles being, 'Ourselves and Others,' 'Aspirations and Influences,' 'Seeing and Believing,' 'Practical Paradoxes,' 'Character Shaping and Character Showing,' and 'Duty-Knowing and Duty-Doing.' (\$2.50. Philadelphia: John D. Wattles.)

'EVOLUTION' is a collection of fifteen lectures prepared by various persons and delivered before the Brooklyn Ethical Association, the object being to make the main principles of evolutionism clearly intelligible to those that have not much time to give to the subject nor much training in abstract discussion. For this purpose the essays, or lectures, are well adapted. The authors seem to have taken special pains to make themselves easily understood, and with good success. All branches of the evolutionary philosophy are dealt with, special attention being given to the subjects of morals and religion. The two opening lectures are biographical notices of Spencer and Darwin. Others follow on the evolution of the solar system and of organic life; while fully one-half of the book is devoted to social and religious topics, and to the bearing of evolutionary doctrines on the work of social improvement. The various lecturers are, of course, for the most part in hearty accord with the two chief founders of the evolutionary philosophy; yet we notice on the part of some a recognition of the insufficiency of the theory of natural selection to explain the origin of species, and on the part of others strong dissent from Spencer's theory of the Unknowable and from his treatment of religion generally. At the close of the lectures, as originally delivered, discussions were held, which are briefly reported in this volume, and seem to have been of considerable interest. We commend the book to all who wish for a good popular presentation of the evolution theory. (\$2. Boston: J. H. West.)

'AN EPITOME of the Synthetic Philosophy,' by F. Howard Collins, is a digest or summary of the principal works of Herbert Spencer—the 'First Principles' and 'Principles of Biology,' 'Psychology,' 'Sociology' and 'Morality.' The leading doctrines are stated as far as possible in Mr. Spencer's own words, and the various topics are presented in the same order as in the original works. The work has been done with Spencer's sanction, and is prefaced by an introduction from his own pen. Such a book is necessarily very condensed in style and somewhat bald in its presentation of doctrines and theories; the work of the philosopher is reduced to about one-tenth of its original bulk. It suffers, however, from a more serious defect, in that it fails to present satisfactorily the arguments by which the philosopher's views are supported. This gives it a didactic and even dogmatic character alien to true philosophy. The necessity of condensation is of course the cause of this; but it seems to us that it would have been better to omit much of the less important matter and thereby gain room for the more thorough elucidation of the leading doctrines and a fuller presentation of the arguments in their support. However, the book undoubtedly gives a correct and intelligible summary of Mr. Spencer's philosophy, and contains a large amount of matter in a small compass. It is not well adapted for continuous reading, but is useful for reading in sections at convenient opportunities, and also for reference. (\$2.50. D. Appleton & Co.)

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

How much Shakespeare's Characters have to say.—Some tables recently published in England by Mr. L. M. Griffiths, giving the number of lines spoken by each character in Shakespeare's plays, furnish a basis for sundry interesting comparisons and contrasts.

The leading male characters have much more to say than their female counterparts. As might have been guessed, Hamlet is by far the most loquacious—using the word in this arithmetical sense—of the men. His share in the dialogue is 1569 lines—the lines in the tables being those of the 'Globe' editions, and parts of lines at beginning and end of speeches being counted as whole lines. Next to the royal Dane comes Richard III. with 1161 lines; and Iago follows hard upon with 1117. Henry V., in the 'magnificent monologue' of a play named from him, speaks 1063 lines. These four characters are the only ones that have more than a thousand lines apiece. At some distance behind them comes Othello with 888, Coriolanus with 886, the Duke in 'Measure for Measure' with 880, and Timon with 863. Antony, in 'Antony and Cleopatra,' is the only other man with more than 800 lines, his reckoning being 829. Between 800 and 700 we find Lear (770), Richard II. (755), Brutus, in 'Julius Cæsar' (727), Falstaff, in '2 Henry IV.' (719), Titus Andronicus (718), and Macbeth (705); and between 700 and 600, fat Jack again, in '1 Henry IV.' (688), Leontes (681), Prospero (665), Biron (627), Romeo (618), and Prince Henry, in '1 Henry IV.' (616). The others above 500 are Menenius (598), Petruchio (585), Hotspur (566), the King in 'Hamlet' (551), Troilus (541), Philip Faulconbridge (522), and Cassius (507).

If we add up the parts of certain great characters who appear in more than one play, we shall see that some of them outdo Hamlet in talk. Henry V., as prince and king, has 1987 lines in the three plays wherein he figures, 308 in '2 Henry IV.,' being added to what is given him above. Falstaff, who has 488 lines in the 'Merry Wives,' comes next with 1895; and Richard III. (counting his 390 lines in '3 Henry VI.') next with 1551. Antony has 1156 in all, 327 being in 'Julius Cæsar.' Bolingbroke has 414 lines in 'Richard II.,' 341 as king in '1 Henry IV.,' and 294 in '2 Henry IV.,' or 1049 in all.

Of the fools, strictly so called, Touchstone is the most wordy, with his 316 lines. That merriest and most eloquent of rogues, Antolycus, has 319.

Among the women there are but five who exceed the limit of 500 lines. I should have guessed that Portia would be first, but her 589 lines are surpassed by Rosalind's 749, Cleopatra's 670, and Imogen's 596. Juliet has 541. Between 400 and 500 we find only Helena of 'All's Well' (479) and Isabella (426). The others above 300 are Desdemona (389), Katherine of Arragon (374), Mistress Page (361), Viola (353), Paulina (331), Julia, in the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' (323), Olivia (321), the Queen in '2 Henry VI.' (317), Volumentia (315), Cressida (312), Beatrice (309), the Countess in 'All's Well' (306), and Celia (304).

It will be noted that only twenty of the ladies have more than 300 lines each, while twenty-one of their lords exceed 600; and Rosalind, who leads; all the rest of her sex by 79 lines, does not talk half as much as Hamlet. Some of the famous female characters have surprisingly little to say; as Miranda (142), Perdita (128), and Cordelia (115). Kate the Shrew, though sharp of tongue, uses the unruly member only to the extent of 220 lines, inclusive of her long lecture of 44 lines to her untamed sisters in the last scene. Lady Macbeth has but 261 lines, and Hermione but 211.

The part which women have in the dialogue varies remarkably in the plays. In 'Timon of Athens' they speak only 15 lines in all, in 'Henry IV.' only 115, and in 'Julius Cæsar' only 119; while in 'As You Like It' they have 1163, in 'All's Well' 1013, in 'Romeo and Juliet' 919, in the

'Merry Wives' 900, in 'Antony and Cleopatra' 845, and in 'Twelfth Night' 843; the whole number of lines in these last six plays ranging from 2692 to 3063.

The statistics here given will be new to the great majority of readers and students of Shakespeare. I have not verified the figures, but will venture to predict that anybody who chooses to make a recount will find but few errors, if any. The mere numerical statement has taken up so much space that I must let the reader comment upon it himself. It will furnish abundant material for study and discussion.

The Progress of the 'Bankside' Edition.—The seventh volume of the 'Bankside Shakespeare,' just out, is devoted to 'Titus Andronicus,' and edited by Mr. Appleton Morgan, who in his introductory essay takes the ground that the play is entirely the work of Shakespeare. To my thinking, he comes far short of proving this, but discussion of the question is impossible here. A good part of the essay is given to an interesting study of the appointments of the Elizabethan theatre and the manner in which plays were then 'mounted.' The quarto text of 1600 is printed with the folio text, according to the plan of the edition; and the typographical execution is faultless, as in the former volumes.

It is gratifying to learn that four more plays are now in press—the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'Hamlet,' 'Othello,' and 'Lear'—and will all probably be out before May 1st. The 'Lear' is edited by Hon. Alvey A. Adey, Second Assistant Secretary of State, who is at once an able public officer and a most accomplished Shakespeare scholar and critic. The other volumes also are in good hands.

Women as Iago.—The following paragraph appeared lately in the *Boston Post*:—

An adventurous actress has taken to playing Iago. Cushman has done Romeo and Anna Dickinson Hamlet; but this is a new part for any woman to assume. The chances are that Mr. Booth's impersonation will still hold the field.

In a subsequent number of the paper Mr. W. T. W. Ball states that in England several ladies have played Iago. He adds:—

In our own city, at the old National Theatre, something over thirty years ago, Charlotte Crampton, a most accomplished but unfortunate actress, played it, and played it well. At the Globe Theatre, towards the close of the season of 1875-76, under Arthur Cheney's management, Mrs. D. W. Waller played it, and with a great deal of success.

The 'Scarlet Ornaments' of Sonnet 142.—A college teacher in California asks 'what custom is referred to by Shakespeare' in Sonnet 142:—

Those lips of thine
That have profaned their *scarlet ornaments*,
And sealed false bonds of love as oft as mine.

For myself I take 'scarlet ornaments' to be equivalent to 'the red that adorns them,' and not a reference to any custom or usage. As our correspondent remarks (and as I had noted in my edition of the 'Sonnets'), the same expression occurs in 'Edward III.' ii. 1: 'His cheeks put on their scarlet ornaments'; which simply means that his cheeks became red. In 'Astrophel and Stella,' also quoted by our friend, Sidney calls Stella's lips 'Those scarlet judges, threatening bloody death'; and Henry Constable, in Sonnet 6, says: 'Your lips, in scarlet clad, my judges be.' In these passages we seem to have a distinct reference to scarlet robes as worn by judges; but I doubt whether this is implied in Shakespeare's sonnet and 'Edward III.'

KEGAN PAUL, Trench, Trübner & Co. are going to bring out an edition of Mr. Lewis Morris's poems in one volume, 'similar to that of Lord Tennyson's poetry issued by them some ten years ago.' The similarity between the two books will be confined to matters of typography, binding, etc. The publishers do not promise that it will extend to their contents.

Daffodils—Before Season

AH!
I dream the Spring a wizard wine distills,
And fills
Many an outheld chalice drained long since,
And prints
On each a kiss. Who drink of this divine
New wine
Begin to mingle thronging words both glad
And sad:
So rippling laughter dashed with sudden tears
She hears,
As on she fares: Be mine the drops she spills!
Ah!
I dream! . . . I smell the breath of daffodils!
EDITH M. THOMAS.

The Lounger

MR. ANDREW LANG is a man of original ideas and his latest is not the least of them. I have been looking over the advance-sheets of his 'Old Friends,' soon to be published on both sides of the water by the Longmans; and I think he has hit on a novelty as attractive as his 'Letters to Dead Authors.' Briefly, his scheme is to describe, in letters parodying the style of a character in a famous book, the meeting of that character with somebody out of a book by somebody else. These meetings have not been recorded by the original authors. As Mr. Lang says, in his delightful preface on 'Friends in Fiction':—"Pendennis" and "David Copperfield" came out simultaneously in numbers, yet Pen never encountered Steerforth at the University, nor did Warrington, in his life of journalism, jostle against a reporter named David Copperfield. So it was left to Mr. Lang himself to give the correspondence between the Rev. Charles Honeyman and Harold Skinpole and that between the heroes of 'Pilgrim's Progress' and 'The Complete Angler'; to set forth the full particulars of the meeting of Mr. Montague Tigg and the Count of Monte Cristo; and to publish for the first time the circumstances under which Mr. Lecoq sought the aid of Mr. Inspector Bucket to arrest Count Fosco, and how it was that the person arrested turned out to be Mr. Pickwick. The book abounds in delicious touches of humor, like a casual reference to 'Sir Robert Sawyer,' which would lead us to believe that our old friend Bob Sawyer was now an eminent surgeon. I confess I wish Mr. Lang had carried the idea further: the correspondence between Anna Karenina and Robert Elsmere would be interesting; and so would an account of the interview between Little Lord Fauntleroy and Mr. Barnes of New York.

THE REV. DR. T. DEWITT TALMAGE professes to be a lover of books, and yet he does a thing that no real book-lover could do. If in the midst of writing a sermon he needs a quotation, he seizes the volume that contains it and tears out the desired page with ruthless hand. Then, taking his shears, he cuts out the particular passage he needs, and pasting it on his manuscript page, tosses the book aside. There is scarcely a book in his library that is not so mutilated. 'But what do you do when you wish to refer to such a passage again?' a reporter asked him. 'I never want to refer to it again,' he answered sententiously. 'When I have used it once, I am done with it for good.'

MR. FROUDE, we are told, has retired to the quiet of a little village, eighteen miles from a railway-station, to write his *Life of Lord Beaconsfield*. The place is Salcombe, a beautiful village near Start Point, which has one of the most romantic harbors in England, formed by the Avon estuary. Mr. Froude occupies The Moul, a villa belonging to Lord Devon, which was for many years the country residence of the late Lord Justice Turner. And Robert Louis Stevenson, it is said, has bought a plantation of four or five hundred acres near Apia, in the Samoan Islands, which he intends to make his home. There is nothing like quiet for literary work, and I fancy that Mr. Stevenson will find no lack of it in his South Sea home. There are, however, certain lines of literary work that can be better pursued amid the busy haunts of men. I cannot imagine that Dickens or Thackeray, or even our own Howells and James, would find much inspiration in Samoan wilds; but with Mr. Stevenson, who relies upon his imagination rather than upon his note-book, the case is different.

IT MAY INTEREST some Englishman who sees only American piracy and who does not believe that any Englishman would ever

be guilty of such a thing, to glance at the February number of a little trade paper called *The Bookbinder* and published in London. It contains a full-page cut from *The Century* article on the Grolier Club, with several mangled paragraphs from the same essay printed without the author's name and so presented as to appear consecutive. Three other extracts from the same paper are to be found in the Minutes of the Month, uncredited; and two or three other American articles are reproduced in the same issue, sometimes with credit and sometimes without.

PRIVATE LETTERS from Japan to Mr. George W. Childs of Philadelphia report Sir Edwin Arnold at Tokio and 'so utterly fascinated by the country and its picturesque, kindly people,' that though expecting when he went there to tarry only a couple of months, he has taken a house and determined to remain until May and perhaps until autumn. With his usual energy he plunged at once into the mysteries of the Japanese tongue, in which he has already qualified himself to take part in informal conversation, and he declares that he will not leave until he can 'make a speech' in the language of the country. Lest any of my readers should be beguiled by his example to follow 'The Light of Asia' to Japan in the expectation of being able to sway a Japanese audience by his eloquence in the short space of six months, it is my duty to state that Sir Edwin's familiarity with many of the Oriental languages acquired during his long official residence in India makes comparatively easy to him what would be likely to prove to the average American a rather tedious task.

I OBSERVE that Mr. Childs has just been chosen President of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society. If he is able to manage that institution as successfully as he has managed the *Ledger*, the *Desert* and the *Rose* might as well pool their issues at once.

A LARGE PART of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, was once the property of the Litchfield family, of which Miss Grace Denio Litchfield is a conspicuous member. 'Litchfield Castle,' as the homestead was called, is still standing, but is now owned by the city. Since the death of her father Miss Litchfield has lived in Washington. Having inherited ample means she has devoted the earnings of her pen to the building of a memorial window to her parents in Grace Church, Brooklyn Heights. She is the lady to whom the pursuit of literature was recommended by a physician. It worked like a charm, for it gave her congenial occupation and developed a gift for writing which until then she hardly knew that she possessed.

SIGNOR SALVINI has the reputation of having fewer friends outside of his own countrymen than any other foreign actor who has ever visited this country. The reason given is not that the great actor is unpopular or unsocial, but that he does not speak English. This, it is claimed, has cut him off from communication with many cultivated persons whom he might have known and liked. But as the great actor speaks French, he might readily communicate with many a cultivated American to whom Italian is a sealed book.

'MANY AND MANY a year ago,' writes a Western friend, 'when William Michael Rossetti and Lucy Madox Brown were married, they went to Italy for their wedding-journey. While at Naples they one day drove out to Poestum, the famous city which was populous less than 500 years ago, but is now deserted and its streets grown up with forest trees. There they had just the narrowest possible escape from being captured by a band of brigands! It was 'a very close call,' as a Yankee would say; but their good luck brought them safely out of peril. The world no doubt lost a couple of most readable books by their happy escape, for each could have done the subject ample justice with the pen, had their lives been spared after such an ordeal.'

'A LOOKER-ON IN VIENNA,' the Austrian capital in this case being Charleston, S. C., writes as follows:—'Having been much interested and amused by your Boston correspondent's recent reference to mistakes in ordering books by wrong titles, it occurs to me to call attention to an amusing typographical error in a book recently published by that careful house, the Macmillans. In Walter Pater's 'Appreciations,' in a foot-note in which Saintsbury's 'English Prose Style from Malory to Macaulay' is supposed to be mentioned, the text is made to read, 'from Malony to Macaulay'—which, however gratifying to our Celtic brethren, is apt to provoke a smile (or something worse) when read by an Englishman. But types are notoriously perverse. A friend of mine—a book- and print-seller, who is the possessor of an early and fine print of "The Angelus," purchased a decade ago, when people bought Millet because they appreciated and in some measure understood

that artist—was supremely disgusted during the holiday season when a lady rushed into his shop, almost out of breath, and wanted a fine copy of "The Los Angeles"—and even then only wanted a dollar copy in a ten dollar brass frame. My friend thinks of turning his copy face to the wall and draping it in black until the present craze is over. He also tells of a man coming in and wanting a copy of "Lamb's Tales from Dickens," and insisting that the bookseller did not know his business because he did not have it and doubted its existence.'

REFERRING to the copy of Hawthorne's 'Celestial Railroad' mentioned in this column on Nov. 9, in 'C. M. S.'s' description of the Hawthorne collection belonging to Mr. George H. Williamson of 169 Madison Street, Brooklyn, a correspondent in Newark writes to say that he owns a book issued by the Sunday-School Union at Philadelphia, which is entitled 'A Visit to the Celestial City,' and contains four lithographs, two representing scenes on the railroad, one giving a glimpse of Vanity Fair, and a fourth showing a ferry-boat leaving for the Celestial City. 'Is this the same book?' he enquires. It is.

Boston Letter

I AM REMINDED by Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly's brilliant lecture in the Boston Theatre last evening on 'Irish Music and Poetry,' that he is one of the few authors who keep their place on the platform. Literary men are in less request as lecturers now than in the days when popular audiences listened eagerly to Holmes and Whipple, and they have to rely upon the aid of the stereopticon to excite the interest which in the old times was satisfied by word-pictures. As for the rate of compensation, that is generally higher than when Dr. E. H. Chapin said he lectured for 'FAME—fifty and my expenses,' though I doubt whether any platform favorite to-day commands greater pay than did Henry Ward Beecher. The success of historical lectures like those of Mr. John Fiske is one of the signs of the growing interest in the early annals of this country. Mr. Edward Bellamy has not yet acceded to the offers made him by the lecture bureaus. If he accepts them it will be for the sake of the Nationalist cause. Henry Bernard Carpenter and George Makepeace Towle are among the most popular of our younger literary lecturers, but I can hardly conceive of either of them making such a reply as Artemus Ward telegraphed to a lecture committee that had asked him what he would take for forty nights. His answer was—'Brandy-and-water.'

Little, Brown & Co. will publish in a few weeks the fifth and final volume of Palfrey's 'History of New England.' The completion of this important work, the fourth volume of which was published in 1864, is a matter of especial gratification, as the author's death has delayed it for a long time. Though the material for the final volume was left by him in an advanced condition, much labor was necessary to make it ready for the press. This was supplied by his son, the late Gen. Francis W. Palfrey, who states in the preface that it is almost wholly printed from the author's manuscript as he left it, 'with careful revision of every part, verification of references, filling of lacuna, the correction of obvious errors of detail and the like.' This volume brings the narrative down to the third day of July 1775, according to the original plan. Besides a full index to the whole work, which is of great value, this volume has a copy of a 'map of the inhabited portions of New England' published by Jeffreys, of London, in 1774. Dr. Palfrey's history is a monument to his unwearied industry, impartiality and literary skill. It is based on original authorities which are carefully cited, and is written in a clear and interesting style. His pictures of the great men and events that figure in his pages are singularly vivid, and upon questions which have excited differences of opinion his extensive research, his sobriety of judgment and evident desire to get at the truth give great weight to his conclusions. As the influence of New England has left a deep impress upon the whole country it is peculiarly satisfactory that its history has been written by such a competent pen.

'Influence of Sea Power in History,' by Capt. A. T. Mahan, U. S. N., which is to be brought out at the same time by Little, Brown & Co., is a book which throws fresh light upon historical causes and effects by considering an element which has not been taken into sufficient account by historians. The author notes as a singular fact, exemplifying the tendency to slight the bearing of maritime power upon events, that two writers of a nation which, more than any other, has owed its greatness to the sea, do not refer to this influence in their most striking illustrations of warlike triumphs. The reference is to Thomas Arnold and Sir Edward Creasy, who both cite the example of Hannibal and Napoleon as showing the failure of the highest individual genius against the resources and institutions of a great nation. Capt. Mahan com-

ments on the neglect of these Englishmen to mention the yet more striking coincidence that in both cases the mastery of the sea rested with the victor. He points out, also, that naval historians have omitted to trace the connection between maritime victories and the course of history. It will be seen that the book covers an interesting and important subject and opens a valuable field of investigation. The period embraced is from 1660, when the sailing-ship era, with its distinctive features, had fairly begun, to 1783, the end of the American Revolution.

Another new book to be published by Little, Brown & Co. at the same time is 'The Way Out of Agnosticism; or, The Philosophy of Free Religion,' by Francis Ellenwood Abbot, author of 'Scientific Theism,' one of the clearest writers on this class of subjects, whose ability and scholarship qualify him to present his views in a forcible manner.

'Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland,' by Jeremiah Curtin; which Little, Brown & Co. will bring out in a few weeks, embodies a great deal of valuable material for the student of history. The author collected these stories on a personal visit to the West of Ireland in 1887, taking them down from the lips of persons who spoke only Gaelic or very little English, and then translated them. Thus the original character of the tales is preserved, as well as the fresh, piquant flavor which adds so much to their interest.

A second edition of Heman White Chaplin's 'Two Hundred Dollars, and Other Stories of New England Life' is to be published by Little, Brown & Co. in a few weeks. These stories have a marked local color; they are full of bright touches and interesting incidents, and their popularity has encouraged the publishers to bring them out in a form to ensure the largest circulation—that is, in paper as well as in cloth.

Among the notable articles in the March *Atlantic* will be 'Dangers from Electricity,' by Prof. John Trowbridge, who gives some comfort to passengers in electric cars by the assurance that the inside of such conveyances is probably a safer place than the outside. In cities, he holds that the use of the earth as a part of the return circuit is highly dangerous both to life and property. 'Woman Suffrage, Pro and Con,' by Charles Worcester Clark, is a calm presentation of the case against the advocates of the cause, and the point is made that if the right of suffrage is to be extended to women, it should be given first for executive rather than for legislative officers, on the ground that it is not more laws but better enforcement of those we have that is wanted. Dr. Holmes in 'Over the Teacups' has some bright reflections upon versifiers who think they are poets. Most so-called poetry, he declares, instead of being the language of emotion is 'a cold-blooded, haggard, anxious, worrying hunt after rhymes which can be made serviceable, after images which will be effective, after phrases which will be sonorous: all this under limitations which restrict the natural movements of fancy and imagination.' The magic skin which figures in Balzac's famous romance of the name is used by Dr. Holmes to typify the coupon bonds whose liberal interest shrinks into nothingness, in the lines entitled the 'Peau de Chagrin of State Street':

How beauteous is the bond
In the manifold array
Of its promises to pay,
While the eight per cent. it gives
And the rate at which one lives
Correspond,
But at last the bough is bare
When the coupons one by one
Through their ripening days have run,
And the bond, a beggar now,
Seeks investment anyhow,
Anywhere!

William R. Thayer has an instructive article on 'The Trial, Opinions and Death of Giordano Bruno,' and George Parsons Lathrop philosophizes on 'The Value of the Corner,' not of business but of solitude. There is a pleasant unsigned paper, 'Loitering through the Paris Exposition.' The poetry of *The Atlantic* consists of 'Tennyson,' by an anonymous writer, and 'Tasso to Leonora,' by Louise Chandler Moulton. The Contributors' Club has some entertaining recollections of George H. Boker. Mrs. Deland's and Mr. James's and Mr. Bynner's serial stories keep up their interest.

Mrs. James T. Fields and Miss Sarah O. Jewett are, I was about to say, summering at Saint Augustine, Fla., not simply because the weather there suggests the butterfly season, but because wherever these close literary friends are they diffuse a genial social warmth. Miss Jewett, whose home is in South Berwick, Me., amid the scenes which she has invested with such picturesque interest, is in the habit of visiting Mrs. Fields during the winter in Boston, and they enjoy taking trips together wherever their fancy leads them.

BOSTON, Feb. 17, 1890.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

The Washington Memorial Arch

IT IS PROPOSED, in order to aid in completing the fund, to give a series of five concerts in the Lenox Lyceum during the month of March. These concerts, to be given on the off nights of the opera, will be conducted by Mr. Theodore Thomas, assisted by his orchestra and accomplished soloists. The boxes, holding eight persons each, are fifty-four in number, and will be sold by subscription only, and for the entire series. The price of each is \$100 for the five concerts. The concerts will not be undertaken unless the greater part of the boxes are subscribed for at once. Mr. A. B. de Frece, to whom the excellent idea of this series first occurred, will be the managing director. His address is Lenox Lyceum, Madison Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street.

The Art Committee of the Washington Centennial celebration have placed in the hands of the Treasurer of the Memorial Arch fund a large number of the beautiful souvenirs specially designed for that occasion. The committee announce that they will present one of these souvenirs to any subscriber who hereafter contributes \$5 or more toward the completion of the work, and sends a request for the souvenir, with the address, to Treasurer Wm. R. Stuart, 54 William Street. The souvenirs contain photogravure reproductions of St. Gaudens's Centennial medal and of original drawings by Edwin H. Blashfield and Will H. Low, the lettering having been made under the supervision of Mr. Stanford White.

The fund amounted on Feb. 18, to \$70,740.12, the subscriptions for the fortnight then terminated being as follows:—

\$100 each:—D. Appleton & Co.; Stern Brothers; Henry K. Sheldon; Elbridge T. Gerry; Clarence W. Bowen (all through C. W. Bowen); Mrs. Cornelius Post Mitchell; Wm. M. Evarts.

\$50:—E. P. Dutton & Co. (through C. W. Bowen); Rodman de Kay Gilder, Owen Johnson and Frank Drake, editors of *The Chimney Seat* (including \$5 from Charles L. Tiffany); John Jay.

\$25 each:—Charles M. Fay; John Jay Knox; V. Mulford Moore; E. K. Wright; William P. St. John; Gardiner Sherman; Francis M. Jencks; George S. Coe; Edward Earle; Harvey Fisk & Sons; Theodore B. Starr; Charles Scribner's Sons; six anonymous subscribers, \$25 each (all of the foregoing through C. W. Bowen); Mrs. James G. King; H. C. F. Koch & Co.; 'In Memory of a Young Architect.'

\$20 each:—Frederick Roosevelt; 'H. P. M.'

\$10.51:—Employees of Marvin Safe Co.

\$10 each:—Sypher & Co.; James M. Montgomery; J. C. Parsons; 'Two Friends.'

8.20:—Employees of Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woolen Co.

\$5 each:—W. H. Price; Tift & Co. of Brooklyn; Dr. Frank Abbott; O. A. Gager & Co.; George F. Bassett & Co.

\$1 each:—188 subscribers to *Commercial Advertiser's Women's Fund*; M. B. Fisher; 'Miss L. S.'

The Aldine Club Opening

THE EXHIBITION of portraits and autographs of authors and publishers held at the Aldine Club last week may easily be believed to be the best of its kind ever held in New York. The portraits nearly covered the walls of the exhibition rooms, which took up the whole of the second story. There were oil-paintings and crayons, photographs, wood-cuts and steel-engravings. Scattered about among these were a few autographs and views of places renowned for their literary associations; and, on mantel-shelves and in cabinets, were displayed some black-scrawled specimens of barbaric pottery side by side with exquisite vases of blue and white Hirado porcelain. In long, flat, glass cases, ranged in the middle of the rooms, were shown the manuscripts of famous books and the autographs of still more numerous writers, with a few daguerreotypes and other relics, too precious to be displayed more openly. The Harpers lent a portrait of the late Fletcher Harper and the Appletons one of the late Daniel Appleton and his son Mr. Wm. H. Appleton, the grandfather and father, respectively, of the Club's President, Mr. W. W. Appleton.

Among the Whittier relics were the manuscripts of two poems, 'Red Riding-Hood' and 'The Kansas Emigrants,' and a crayon portrait by Wyatt Eaton. Thoreau's anything but savage features were shown in a pencil-drawing by Will H. Low. There was an autograph letter of Emerson and a crayon portrait, again by Mr. Eaton. Of Robert Browning there were two autograph letters, one of them framed with a photographic portrait. Walt Whitman was nobly represented by three manuscripts and four portraits. There were oil-portraits of Nathaniel P. Willis, Charles D. Warner, Herbert Spencer, Henry J. Raymond, Joaquin Miller,

Benjamin Franklin, Horace Greeley, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Samuel L. Clemens, Charles A. Dana and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. There were photographs or daguerreotypes of Victor Hugo, Henry W. Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, and Edgar Allan Poe. The last was a daguerrotype shown in one of the flat cases. On the wall near it hung a water-color drawing of Poe's Fordham cottage, and Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedmen, who lent the portrait, lent also a manuscript roll of 'marginalia.' In the corridor were several frames of photographs of living celebrities, lent by Mr. L. S. Metcalf of *The Forum* and including portraits of Prof. John Stuart Blackie, George W. Cable, Edmund Gosse, W. H. Mallock, Max O'Rell, Judge Tourgee and Prof. Vambéry. But, if we were to mention every one of the 240 numbers which the exhibition held, we could give but small notion of the richness of the feast. The opening of the exhibition on Wednesday evening—the formal housewarming of the Club—drew together a large crowd of literary folk, publishers and others interested in art and literature; on Friday afternoon many ladies visited the house; and again on Sunday the rooms were thronged with visitors.

The new Club does not aim at sumptuousness in its appointments, nor, as may be judged from the nature of its first exhibition, does it intend to confine its efforts within narrow bounds. The dolphin and anchor in stained glass in its door-light do not imply any exclusive devotion to old editions. In fact, the only thing that looks like a fad is the sprinkling of mottoes inscribed on the mantels and elsewhere.

"A Priceless Paragon"

'A PRICELESS PARAGON,' which Mr. Daly has selected to follow his charming representation of 'As You Like It,' is a version by Henry Paulton of Sardou's 'Belle Maman,' duly modified and expurgated for the English speaking stage. In its present shape the piece is much more farce than comedy, being indeed too slight in texture to justify anything like serious analysis or discussion of its material. The professed object of the original play was the rehabilitation of the stage mother-in-law, but that much abused personage again appears in her old guise of evil genius, although credited in this case with a most benevolent disposition. She is the Paragon of the Daly piece—young, beautiful, and immensely rich, the widow of an old manufacturer, who left her guardian of his millions and of a step-daughter only a few years younger than herself. Being anxious for freedom and a taste of fashionable gayeties, she hastens to provide her step-daughter with a husband in the shape of a dashing young advocate, and having seen them married in the most approved style, sends them off for a long honeymoon, promising to attend to everything for them during their absence. Then, with all the energy of misdirected goodnature, she proceeds to business. She shuts up her son-in-law's famous old office, because it is dingy; locks up all the business letters for fear they may prove troublesome; spends a small fortune in tapestry and old china with which to decorate a new establishment; invests all her spare cash in a bubble company and picks out for her special friends the swindler who has robbed her, and his sister, who is levying black-mail upon her son-in-law under threats of suing him for breach of promise. When the bride-groom returns home he discovers that his clients have deserted him, that his fortune has been dissipated and his personal reputation imperilled, while his beloved mother-in-law has compromised herself in a most serious manner. To extricate her from her false position he challenges the swindler to a duel and shoots him, going to Belgium for that purpose; whereupon his mother-in-law, thinking that he has deserted his family, induces his bride to sue him for divorce. In the end, of course, everything is straightened out, the Paragon sees the error of her ways, and retires into private life with an old adorer for a new husband.

The piece is amusing but is not likely to last long. It is acted admirably, of course, but the opportunities of the actors for individual distinction are few. Miss Rehan makes a piquant mother-in-law, ruling her little world with pretty wilfulness and most persuasive coquetry. She is equally attractive when penitent and in tears. Mr. Drew plays the harrassed bride-groom with his usual neatness and address, and Mr. Lewis is exceedingly good as a brisk, clear-headed, jovially cynical old bachelor, the family friend, who marries the Paragon to keep her out of further mischief. The others have little to do, but Mr. LeClerq, Mr. Bond, Mr. Wheatleigh, Mrs. Gilbert and Miss Irving all acquit themselves well. The setting for the second and third acts, with its tapestry and bric-à-brac, is uncommonly rich and costly.

PROF. WOODROW WILSON, now of Wesleyan University and a lecturer at Johns Hopkins, was elected on the 13th inst. to the chair of Jurisprudence and Political Economy at Princeton to succeed the late Alexander Johnston.

International Copyright

THE WEEK closes with the legislative outlook for International Copyright in a remarkably favorable condition. On Saturday, Feb. 8, a last hearing was held by the Judiciary Committee. Messrs. Arnoux and Bovee appeared against the bill, ostensibly in the interest of Mr. Ignatius Koehler. The familiar arguments were adduced against the bill, and a brief reply was made by Mr. George Haven Putnam, who, with Secretary Johnson of the Copyright League and Mr. J. L. Kennedy of the Typographical Union Committee, represented the friends of the bill. On Thursday of last week (Feb. 13) the Patents Committee of the House instructed Mr. Simonds, a member of that Committee who has taken special interest in the subject, and who was Chairman of the sub-committee to which the bill was referred, to report the bill favorably to the House. The action of the Committee was unanimous, though Mr. Simonds thinks that possibly one or two members of the Committee may offer amendments in the House. The following day the Judiciary Committee, without a dissenting voice, authorized Mr. Adams to prepare and report a bill that should be in every essential particular identical with the bill introduced by Mr. Breckinridge and referred to the Judiciary Committee, this also being the bill reported by Senator Platt of the Senate Committee, and essentially the Chace bill of the last Congress. On consideration, both Senator Platt and Mr. Adams thought it best to re-draft the bill, so that the text would show how the statutes will read as amended by sections. Mr. Adams had the measure thus drawn, and it was introduced last Saturday morning (Feb. 15), together with a favorable report, which quoted the Henry Clay report and the Collins report of last year, alluded to the authors' memorial and to the public sentiments of famous authors, gave the resolution of the International Typographical Union endorsing the bill, and also the resolution of endorsement passed by the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. By agreement between the friends of the bill, Mr. Simonds will adopt the text of the Judiciary Committee as his own, and report from the Patents Committee the same text, so that there shall be only one bill before the House, with the endorsement behind it of two Committees working in harmony. It is also understood that Senator Platt will adopt the same text in the Senate when the bill is put on its passage there.

The bill stands among the very first on the House calendar, as, owing to the long struggle over the rules, the calendar was not made up till last Monday. The prospect is that it will be reached and considered in a very few weeks. Possibly the first vote may be had in the House this time instead of in the Senate, as several weighty matters are pressing for attention in the latter chamber; but there will be no delay in either branch of Congress. Under the new rules the danger from filibustering is reduced to a minimum, and need scarcely be considered. Moreover, the few members of the House who are disposed to take an active part against the bill have promised not to filibuster if they can be given a liberal time allowance, and they have been assured that there is no desire to choke off debate.

Most of the morning's session of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association at the Hotel Brunswick on the 13th inst., was devoted to a discussion of this measure. On invitation of Chairman James W. Scott of the Chicago *Herald*, Secretary R. U. Johnson of the American Copyright League explained the details of the bill. He was followed by Col. J. A. Knox of *Texas Siftings*, who urged the Association to support the cause. He spoke feelingly, he said, as a victim of foreign pirates. At the conclusion of his remarks, the Association adopted, by a unanimous vote, the following resolution, introduced by Mr. W. B. Richards of the Indianapolis *Evening News*:—'The American Newspaper Publishers' Association is in hearty sympathy with the efforts now being made by American authors to obtain from Congress a fuller security for literary property, and we believe the proposed International Copyright bill to be in the interest of the national honor and welfare.' An equally emphatic resolution was adopted last Wednesday morning at the session of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association in this city.

Robert Browning

SINCE Browning died, ten weeks ago, THE CRITIC has devoted over 13 pages, partly original and partly selected, to his memory, the original matter including Mr. R. H. Stoddard's critical essay, supplemented by a biographical sketch of the poet. Mr. Edmund Gosse urges that a memorial tablet be placed on 19 Warwick-crescent, the house where Browning lived from the time of his return from Italy after the death of his wife in 1861, until he removed to 29 De Vere Gardens in 1887.

Browning's play of 'Strafford,' by the Oxford University Dramatic Society, was among the events of the past week, says a cablegram to the *Tribune*, which continues:—

It is a gloomy piece. Browning once declared himself ashamed of it. It was originally played at Covent Garden in 1837. There are over fifty parts in it. The scenery, designed by Mr. Alma Tadema, is exquisite and very complete. The most striking acting was that of Mr. Henry Irving, Jr., in the character of Strafford. In the early scenes he was somewhat nervous, but he warmed up later on, and his style and manner reminded the audience of his celebrated father. Seeing that his name is John Henry Brodrib, people ask why he calls himself Henry Irving, Jr., especially as he has not yet taken to the public stage.

The question, 'Which of the known portraits of Robert Browning will find a place in the National Portrait Gallery?' will probably be agitated before long. There are at least three portraits—one by Mr. Watts, in the gallery at Little Holland House; another by Mr. Rudolf Lehmann, which was painted in 1886; and a third by Mr. Barrett Browning, exhibited in the New Gallery last year; and there is also a bust by Miss Henrietta Montalba—'an excellent likeness'—and a bronze panel by Mr. Natorp, for which Browning gave no fewer than thirty sittings. Concerning one of these, the newspapers relate this incident:—

When Mr. Lehmann's portrait of Browning was so far advanced that nothing remained but to finish the hand, he gave Browning the welcome news that no more sittings were necessary, thinking that the hand could be finished from a model; but to the painter's dismay he found that no model's wrist was sufficiently pliable to give the movement he had sketched from the poet's hand. So Browning was summoned again, when he came quite good-naturedly, as was his wont—although disappointed of his freedom. Mr. Lehmann's first drawings of Browning were made in 1859.

We clip the following paragraph from *The Pall Mall Gazette* of Feb. 1:—

The Paper promised for the evening not having been sent, Dr. Furnivall spoke for some time on the characteristics of Browning shown in his last volume, 'Asolando.' The third verse of the Epilogue set forth his greatest service to mankind. He was

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,

Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,

Held, we fall to rise; are baffled, to fight better,

Sleep, to wake.

One evening, just before his death-illness, the poet was reading this from a proof to his daughter-in-law and sister. He said: 'It almost looks like bragging to say this, and as if I ought to cancel it; but it's the simple truth; and as it's true, it shall stand.' All Browning was there—as it's true it shall stand.' His faith knew no doubting. In all trouble, against all evil, he stood firm. And it is this buoyant trust and unflinching hope in him, and his wonderful power of instilling it into others, that constitutes his main hold on his admirers. To many of them he is part of their life. And though objectors say that this cheap optimism is a shallow thing, and easy enough for a prosperous man to feel and preach while he touches not even the fringe of social sores with his little finger, yet many of those who devote their lives to succor the poor and comfort the distressed know, by the echo of their own souls to Browning's words, that these come from the depths of his own soul too.

The Fine Arts

"The Earlier English Water-Color Painters"

COSMO MONKHOUSE'S 'Earlier English Water-Color Painters' is in reality a sort of monograph on Turner as a water-colorist, not considered singly, but placed in his environment, surrounded and preceded by others, and so, to a great extent, accounted for. The author shows us how water-color art arose out of typographical drawing; how Turner, Girtin and many others used to meet at the house of a Dr. Munro, for whom they made water-colors in return for their supper and half-a-crown apiece; how Girtin developed the use of local color in opposition to the old, mechanical plan of laying-in all shadows with a neutral tint; how some of these 'draughtsmen' founded the Society of Painters in Water-Colors now dignified with the prefix 'Royal.' The water-colors of Stodhard, Blake, Bewick and Cattermole are examined on the way to the more modern work of Copley Fielding and David Cox; but everywhere Turner crops up, now to be assimilated to, now to be distinguished

from, some one of the others. In thus insisting on Turner's many-sidedness the author has given his work a unity which it could hardly otherwise possess, seeing that it traces the entire history of the art from its mechanical beginnings to the invention of the most varied processes and the assertion of aims as yet scarcely departed from in England. If the reader be somewhat disappointed at the small space given to men like William Hunt, J. D. Harding, and John Chrome, the relations of these men and their contemporaries, fore-runners and successors to one another are, at least, very clearly pointed out; and, if as much were done for their relations to foreign art and artists, the book would be, in its way, a satisfactory sketch of the rise of the English water-color school. As it is, it retraces the way which led to Turner's later practice and marks many of the side paths followed by lesser geniuses. The meagreness of some of the notices in the text is compensated for by fourteen photogravures reproducing etchings, mezzotints or original drawings, and by a large number of other engravings printed in the text. (\$7.50. Macmillan & Co.)

Paris's "Manual of Ancient Sculpture"

THE WELL-KNOWN handbook of Pierre Paris contains in its English form, edited and augmented by Jane E. Harrison, considerable matter not found in the original edition, introduced in order to incorporate the results of the latest discoveries and investigations. As it stands, it presents a symmetrical and clear outline of both Oriental and Greek sculpture. The first of the two books gives an account of the sculpture of Egypt, Chaldaea, Assyria, Phœnicia and Cyprus, the Hittites, Media and Persia. The second book, which fills more than two-thirds of the volume, treats of that of Greece and Italy. This arrangement of the matter is especially helpful in indicating the influence of Oriental art upon that of early Greece—an aspect of the subject which is just now receiving marked attention. The book is not, and is not intended to be, a manual of archæology. It does not limit itself to a purely scientific examination of the facts of ancient sculpture, from the standpoint of historical development. It is critical as well as historical, dealing with types rather than with connecting links. A feature worthy of particular commendation is the brief but well selected bibliography placed at the beginning of each section, as in Collignon's 'Manual of Greek Archæology.' The illustrations (187 in number) are often good, but sometimes less distinct than might be desired. Barring a few verbal slips of minor importance, we commend the book as the best brief treatise on the subject accessible. (\$3. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

The Metropolitan Museum

AT THE quarterly meeting on Monday of the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of which Mr. Marquand has recently been re-elected President, a number of recent gifts were accepted. One of the subjects under discussion was the Photiadès Pasha collection of coins in Paris. Letters calling attention to its value had been received. The owner, a Turk, has passed most of his life in gathering Grecian antiquities, and his collection of coins numbers 1530 pieces, all the cities of Greece from the time of Solon to Alexander being represented. A bequest from the late Robert B. Minton was announced—a collection of twenty-five pieces, including illuminated manuscripts, bronzes, ivory statuettes, and rare engravings. Dr. A. S. Murray, Director of the British Museum, has written to the Trustees that he will visit this city early in May. He has been invited to deliver three lectures on Greek sculpture. Some of the gifts accepted on Monday were as follows:—Henry G. Marquand, two oil-paintings by Velasquez (a portrait of the artist, and a portrait of Olvares), and—from the same source—26 objects in Battersea enamel; Frederick Loeser, an oil-painting, a portrait of Wagner, by Pecht; J. W. Pinchot, an oil-painting of the late William H. Huntington; Dr. Amelia B. Edwards, London, an Egyptian funerary image, finely traced in clay; Peter T. Barlow, 18 terra-cotta vases, 4 terra-cotta statuettes, 2 stone implements, and 11 gold ornaments, all ancient South American; S. P. Avery, 2 copperplates of Washington, with their impressions; Miss Sarah Lazarus, 8 gold boxes with miniatures, and 18 fans.

The Barlow Sale

THE Barlow sale was concluded on Wednesday of last week. The porcelains and other *objets de vertu* brought about \$31,500 and the paintings about \$23,750; these sums, added to the \$85,000 realized from the sale of the library during the previous week, bringing the total receipts from the sale up to about \$140,000. C. P. Huntington was the purchaser of Van Dyck's 'Children of Charles I.,' for which he paid \$8,500; of G. Flinck's 'Head of a Nobleman,' \$1100; of P. Bonheur's 'Bitch and Pups,' \$675; of Constable's 'Headwaters of the Lewiston River,' \$430; and of 'Landscape

and Cattle,' by A. Cuyp, \$600. A 'Cat and Kittens,' by P. Bonheur, was bought by Sypher & Co. for \$850, while Titian's 'Sleeping Venus' went for \$650, and Murillo's 'Shepherds,' to F. E. Church, for \$325. The Earl of Rosebery was the purchaser, through J. Moore, of a portrait of Robert Burns—painted, it was said, for 'Highland Mary.' A Washington by Stuart brought \$500, a Madonna by Dolci \$460, and 'St. John Preaching' by Poussin \$325. The purchaser of the How-Qua-Forbes *sang de boeuf* vase (\$900), bought also, for \$290, a 'Dead Christ' in ivory, attributed to 'the immortal Cellini.' Mr. D. Appleton bought an ivory tankard for \$150. Mr. J. Hampden Robb secured a handsome vase of Swedish porphyry for \$375, and its mate (slightly imperfect) for \$190. According to the catalogue they had been presented to Napoleon I., on his second marriage, by the King of Sweden. An old Buhl chest of drawers, brought, the catalogue stated, from France to New Orleans by Count Ponchartrain, went to a dealer for \$425; and a Dresden chandelier from the boudoir of the Empress Josephine at Malmaison sold for \$280. \$900 were paid for a Spanish triptique, representing forty-six figures, beautifully carved, in the life of Christ. A Beauvais tapestry, representing the apotheosis of Louis XVI., 9½ feet square, presented (so the catalogue stated) to President Monroe while he was in Paris, drew \$2100 from the pockets of a dealer. Ex-Mayor Hewitt and Mr. Charles A. Dana were among the purchasers of porcelains, bric-à-brac, etc.

Art Notes

THE EXHIBITION of American paintings at the Union League Club last week was, though small, one of the most important recently held there. A considerable proportion of the pictures were new and had not yet left the possession of the artists. Among the most striking were Winslow Homer's 'The Guides' on a misty mountain-top, and 'Night in the Woods,' with two figures behind a blazing camp-fire. Kenyon Cox's 'The Birth of Venus' was a very well painted nude; Theodore Robinson's 'L'Arrosage' had many of the best qualities of the impressionistic school. In Will H. Low's 'Diana,' landscape and figure seemed made for one another. John La Farge's 'Study of a Figure,' very slightly draped by a hanging oak-branch, and his 'Christ and Nicodemus' showed much of his well-known mastery of color. The Oriental part of the show was a very interesting collection of old Persian and Hindu pottery, metal work, arms and armor.

—At Avery's the Picknell pictures have made way for a collection of oils, water-colors and pastels by Mr. Samuel Coleman. His warm and pleasant coloring, knowing composition and unaffected love of the picturesque will be remembered by many old gallery goers; for he has not exhibited for some years. Many of these views are from the Pacific coast; but there are also Eastern scenes and some European ones.

—No one needs to be told that a collection of drawings by Winslow Homer, however small, and no matter what their subjects, is worth going to look at. The series now on exhibition at Reichard & Co. is of Adirondack lakes and forests, deer and dogs, fishes and fishermen. It is as captivating, as exhilarating as the Bahama sharks and banana gardens of a year ago. Here we have a brace of speckled trout leaping out of the dark waters of a pool in which wave pink lily pads; there it is a boat-load of dogs; again, a deer swimming across a broad lake in which are reflected the yellow and orange tints of the autumnal foliage on its banks; or a brace of fish hanging up against a hickory branch; or one just hooked and about to be gaffed into the landing net. All are painted boldly, in broad washes, with strong effects, and in that exciting scheme of color in the use of which Mr. Winslow Homer is unrivalled.

—Mr. W. T. Smedley's 'Thanksgiving Dinner,' one of the paintings shown at the Water-Color Society's exhibition at the Academy of Design, was awarded, last Tuesday evening, the Evans prize of \$300. Its chief rival, we believe, was Mr. E. A. Abbey's 'Visitors.'

—An exhibition of works by members of the Society of American Wood-Engravers, at the Grolier Club, 29 E. Thirty-second Street, will remain open till Saturday, March 1.

—At the annual meeting of the National Free Art League, on Tuesday, Feb. 11, Messrs. Carroll Beckwith, Wm. A. Coffin and Kenyon Cox submitted a report of their appearance on Dec. 30 before the Committee on Ways and Means at Washington. Count Emile de Kératry of Paris, who represents the French Government here in the interests of International Copyright and the French literary and artistic societies in the advancement of the cause of free art, spoke at considerable length. After the discussion the Executive Committee was re-elected by acclamation. The League numbers about 1200 members, at least 900 of whom are artists.

Notes

TO-DAY (Saturday) is Mr. Lowell's seventy-first birthday. It is also (though this fact is of less relevance in a purely literary paper) Washington's one hundred and fifty-eighth.

—The uniform texts of the writings of Hamilton, Franklin, and Washington are to be followed by the 'Writings of John Jay,' edited by Prof. Henry P. Johnston of the College of New York, and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The work will be completed in four volumes, and will contain much unpublished matter, together with important letters from his contemporaries. The writings of Jefferson will be brought out next, in nine volumes.

—The *Writer* has in hand the compilation of a 'Directory of American Writers, Editors, and Publishers,' to be issued at the earliest possible day. From the current number of this periodical it appears that a new weekly, *The Cambridge Review*, is projected, somewhat upon the lines of the old *Harvard Register*.

—Benjamin E. Martin, whose papers, entitled 'In the Footprints of Charles Lamb,' will appear in early numbers of *Scribner's*, discovered last summer the record of the exact location of Lamb's birth-place, a point not before made even by Canon Ainger. Mr. Martin has been able to correct a number of errors in the accepted biographies of Lamb. Kirk Munroe, who has spent many winters among the Florida Seminoles, in an article in the March *Scribner's* will describe the immense turban which is the masculine head-dress and distinguishing badge of that tribe. Prof. William James of Harvard, in an article on hypnotism, entitled 'The Hidden Self,' in the same number, says: 'I know a non-hysterical woman who, in her trances, knows facts which altogether transcend her possible normal consciousness, facts about the lives of people whom she never saw or heard of before.'

—Demand and Supply in Literature' will be discussed by Mr. Charles R. Miller, editor of the *Times*, at a meeting of the Goethe Society, of which he is Vice-President, to be held at the Hotel Brunswick on Monday evening.

—Says Mr. Howells, in *Harper's*: 'No book too heavy to hold in one hand has any right to exist, to the exclusion of the same work in the ideal form; and we would have that form the original shape of publication; those who want books to furnish their libraries, not their minds, might wait. As it is now, half a dozen vested interests conspire to give the lover of literature his love first in a guise that makes it a burden.'

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s announcements for the 19th inst. included Mr. Bigelow's 'Bryant,' in the American Men-of-Letters Series; Col. Theo. A. Dodge's 'Alexander'; and Macaulay's 'Lays of Ancient Rome' and 'Ivry,' in paper covers.

—The March *Century* will contain the most striking series of Jefferson portraits which have yet appeared in his autobiographical work. They will show him in five characters. Prof. Putnam's papers on the Mound Builders will begin in the same number. The first is entitled 'Prehistoric Remains in the Ohio Valley.' Prof. Wood of Philadelphia, an authority on such subjects, will have a paper on 'Memory' in the same magazine.

—Mrs. Humphry Ward's eldest son, Arnold, is said to be a literary prodigy. Though only fourteen he has sent an essay to a magazine and received a check for \$50 and a letter of thanks for it.

—A. D. F. Randolph & Co. have in press 'Jesus the Messiah,' an abridged edition of the work of Dr. Alfred Edersheim, with preface by Dr. W. Sanday of Oxford; also, a 'History of the Westminster Assembly of Divines,' by Prof. Wm. M. Hetherington, D.D., of the Free Church College, Glasgow, edited by Dr. Robert Williamson.

—Mr. John Fiske will give a course of six lectures on 'The Discovery of America' at Hardman Hall, 138 Fifth Avenue, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, as follows, March 19:— 'Pre-Columbian America;' March 22, 'How America Came to be Discovered;' March 26, 'The Conquest of Mexico;' March 29, 'The Conquest of Peru;' April 2, 'Bartholomew de Las Casas;' April 5, 'Spanish Crusaders and French Pioneers.'

—Mr. William B. Shaw, one of the most promising graduate students at Johns Hopkins, has gone to the New York State Library to carry on his studies in political science and American history, in which that library is specially strong, and because in its new quarters and under its new management it affords unusual conveniences and facilities for students who wish to make continued investigations. Another reason for coming here is the School for the Training of Librarians, formerly connected with Columbia College. After graduation, Mr. Shaw was for two years in a Government position in Washington, and then entered Johns Hopkins to carry on his studies in political science. With the advice of some of his professors, he has come here with a view of

qualifying himself as a specialist librarian in the lines now being demanded by the best State libraries. The daily papers make the absurd misstatement that Mr. Shaw has been appointed 'General Librarian for the State of New York, with headquarters at Utica.' Mr. Melvil Dewey is Director of the State Library, his headquarters being at Albany.

—Mr. Arthur Scribner sailed for Europe last Saturday, and will go at once to Cairo to complete arrangements for the publication by Charles Scribner's Sons of Stanley's history of his last expedition.

—The London *Daily News* says that in the region which Mr. Walters has called 'Tennyson Land,' the Rev. Charles Yeld, of Nottingham, has discovered a little romance of the Poet Laureate's early days, vouched for by a copy of a poetical tribute to 'his mistress's eyebrow,' which is believed to be now brought to light for the first time. The youthful poet, so runs the legend, was in love with a young lady of the name of Bradshaw, and expressed his feeling towards her in the following lines:—

Because she bore the iron name
Of him who doomed his king to die,
I deemed her one of harsher fame,
And looks that awe the passer-by,
But found a maiden, tender, shy,
With fair blue eyes and passing sweet,
And longed to kiss her hands, and lie
A thousand summers at her feet.

Appropos of this publication, the Hon. Hallam Tennyson writes to Mr. Yeld that his father is very much surprised at the reverend gentleman's printing certain lines of his without either his leave or that of the Bradshaws. 'In answer to your letter,' Mr. Tennyson says, 'I am to inform you that the lines in question were a mere complimentary *jeu d'esprit*, and that there was no romance in the matter.'

—President Harrison left Washington on Wednesday to attend the opening of the Carnegie Public Library at Allegheny City, Pa., on the following day. The library is the gift to the city of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who now proposes to build at Pittsburgh a free library costing \$1,000,000.

—'Recollections of a Private,' by Warren Lee Goss, the author of 'Jed,' will be brought out at once by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

—Mr. Charles Morris writes to us from Philadelphia to disavow the authorship of the letter of protest against our notice of 'Aryan Sun Myths' to which we replied a fortnight since. Mr. Morris was responsible only for the introduction to the book, the body of the work being by a lady who, with laudable discretion, kept her name off the title-page. The letter of protest was from this discreet book-maker; and we gladly acquit Mr. Morris of all responsibility for her intemperate remarks.

—The library of L. Marquis, the famous confectioner, is to be sold by auction at the Hôtel Drouot, Paris, on the 24th and 28th of this month. There are only 614 titles in the catalogue, but they represent many rare books, including some that are unique. American buyers will attend the sale and no doubt secure the prizes.

—Jules Verne's latest extravaganza deals with a mining speculation at the North Pole.

—Mr. Francis Korbay, at the invitation of Mrs. J. West Roosevelt, Mrs. T. W. Ward, Mrs. Charles P. Daly and others, will give a series of talks on vocal music on Tuesday evenings in Lent at the homes of the ladies mentioned. The first will be at the house of Mrs. Roosevelt, No. 32 East Thirty-first Street on Tuesday evening, Feb. 25. Mr. Korbay, in his address on 'The History of Song,' will have the assistance of his talented wife at the piano.

—A transfer in the ownership of *The Rural New-Yorker*, says the *Times*, has taken place in a recent sale of its property to Lawson Valentine and E. H. Libby. Mr. Valentine is a member of the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and Mr. Libby is the active business manager of the paper.

—D. Lothrop & Co. will publish next autumn 'Round the World With the Blue-Jackets,' written by Henry E. Rhoades of the Engineer Corps of the Navy. The book is taken from personal records.

'To Europe on a Stretcher' is the curiosity-exciting title of a book by Mrs. Clarkson N. Potter which E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish.

—'Pactolus Prime' is the title of the new novel which Judge Tourgee has written and which the Cassell Publishing Co. will publish in April. The same firm will also publish this spring a new novel by Henry Harland ('Sidney Luska') entitled 'Two Women or One? From the Manuscripts of Doctor Benary.'

—Poultny Bigelow contributes to *Harper's Weekly* of Feb. 22 an article on 'The German Reichstag,' with a picture of a scene during a session of the Reichstag, and portraits of Barth, Bamberger, Richter, Virchow, Windthorst, and Stoecker. Mrs. Arthur Brooks contributes an article on 'The Berkeley Ladies' Athletic Club' to this week's *Harper's Young People*.

—Ledbury, in Hertfordshire, England, near which town Elizabeth Barrett Browning lived as a girl, is about to erect a clock-tower to her memory.

—A correspondent of the *Tribune* calls for a great new library, to supplement the work of those now existing in this city. When the Court of Appeals reverses the recent decision of the New York Supreme Court in the Tilden will case, as we do not doubt it will, we shall have such an institution.

—Bayard Taylor's mother died on Tuesday, aged ninety years.

—The Historical Printing Club, 97 Clark Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., invites subscriptions to a number of historical works edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford—'Trade Between Great Britain and the United States,' a 'suppressed' report made by the Privy Council to the King in 1791; 'Letters of Joseph Jones, 1777-1778,' a member of the Continental Congress from Virginia; 'Washington as an Employer and Importer of Labor'; 'The Spurious Letters attributed to Washington'; and 'The Duché-Washington Letters,' containing the original of Parson Duché's letter to Gen. Washington urging him to betray the Continental cause and negotiate for peace at the head of his army. The prices range from \$1.50 to \$5, the edition being limited in the case of the first two to 260 and of the last three to 500 copies.

—Toronto University was completely destroyed by fire on the 14th inst. But a small part of its value was covered by insurance. So great was the shock to the President, Sir Adam Smith, that he had to be carried from the scene. The University had five hundred students.

—Mr. George J. Coombes, late of Lockwood & Coombes, who is well known to buyers of rare and standard books in this city, has cast in his lot with Mr. Bouton.

—Some of the more noteworthy articles in the volume of THE CRITIC covering the last six months of 1889, and completing the paper's ninth year, are Mr. R. H. Stoddard's critical estimate of Robert Browning, Charles Dudley Warner's 'Literature and the Stage,' Prof. Henry A. Beers's paper apropos of Fenimore Cooper's hundredth birthday, Mr. Edward J. Harding's reply to Miss Repplier on 'Fiction in the Pulpit,' the discussion of 'Households of Women' by some of the chief educators of young women in America, Mrs. L. B. Walford's fortnightly London Letter and her article on 'The Home of Charlotte Brontë,' Dr. William E. Griffis's 'Literary New Brunswick,' and Mr. Lowell's eight lines of verse on ex-President Cleveland. The fight for International Copyright receives as much attention as usual, the Barye exhibition and other art matters are duly considered, and the literary gossip of Boston is fully chronicled. The price of the volume, bound in maroon-colored cloth covers, is \$2.50.

Publications Received

RECAPIT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Allinson, F. G.	Greek Prose Composition.	\$1.00	Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Barnard, Charles.	My Handkerchief Garden.	25c	Garden Pub. Co.
Barrett, Robert S.	Thought Seen for Holy Seasons.	\$1.00	Thos. Whitaker.
Boss, N. R.	The Prayer-Book Reason Why.	50c	Thos. Whitaker.
Clark, A. A.	Germans.	50c	Lansing, Mich.: A. A. Clark.
Clark, A. A.	Meteorology and Disease.	50c	Lansing, Mich.: A. A. Clark.
Clark, Kate E.	The Dominant Seventh.	50c	D. Appleton & Co.
Clutterbuck, W. J.	The Skipper in Arctic Seas.	\$2.25	Longmans, Green & Co.
Collier, Thomas S.	Song Spray.	50c	New London, Conn.: C. J. Viets.
Deleone, T. C.	Our Creole Carnivals.	25c	Mobile, Ala.: Gossip Printing Co.
De Quincey, T.	Collected Writings.	Ed. by D. Masson. Vol. IV.	\$1.25
			Macmillan & Co.
Franklin, C. L.	Some Proposed Reforms in Common Logic.		
Hall, Hubert.	Court Life under the Plantagenets.	\$4.00	Macmillan & Co.
Haskell, T. N.	Young Konkapt, the King of the Utes.	\$1.50	
			Denver: Chain, Hardy & Co.
Kelsey, Francis W.	Outline of Greek and Roman Mythology.	50c	
			Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Kitchin, G. W.	Winchester.	\$1.25	Longmans, Green & Co.
Livy.	Legends of Ancient Rome.	Ed. by H. Wilkinson.	40c
Machar, A. M.	Stories of New France.	\$1.50	Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.
MacQuery, Howard.	The Evolution of Man.	\$1.75	D. Appleton & Co.
Milton, John.	Comus.	Ed. by W. Bell.	50c
			Macmillan & Co.
Norton, C. L.	Handbook of Florida.	50c	Longmans, Green & Co.
Pennell, R. F.	Ancient Greece.	60c	Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Rankin, Francis H.	Hygiene of Childhood.	75c	D. Appleton & Co.
Schmid, Chr. von.	Heinrich von Eichenfels.	60c	Macmillan & Co.
Schenck, F. S.	The Ten Commandments in the 19th Century.		Funk & Wagnalls.
Spenser, Tales from.	Chosen by S. H. Maclellan.	\$1.25	Macmillan & Co.
Stebbing, W.	Peterborough.	60c	Macmillan & Co.
Tunison, J. S.	Master Virgil.	\$2.00	Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.
Van Dyke, Henry.	Is this Calvinism, or Christianity?		
Whiting, Charles F.	Public School Music Course.	Six Books.	
			Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.